Of thy great dungeon, they are fled, O King!
Free in the woods, a-dance and glorying
To Bromios. Of their own impulse fell
To earth, men say, fetter and manacle,
And bars slid back untouched of mortal hand.
Yea, full of many wonders to thy land
Is this man come, „ . . Howbeit, it lies with thee !

PENTHEUS.

Ye are mad !—Unhand him.
Howso swift he be,
My toils are round him and he shall not fly.

[The guards loose the arms of DIONYSUS ; PENTHEUS *studies him for a while in silence, then speaks jeeringly.* DIONYSUS *remains gentle and unafraid.*

Marry, a fair shape for a woman's eye.
Sir stranger ! And thou seek'st no more, I ween !
Long curls, withal I That shows thou ne'er hast been
A wrestler I—down both cheeks so softly tossed
And winsome ! And a white skin ! It hath cost
Thee pains, to please thy damsels with this white
And red of cheeks that never face the light!

[DIONYSUS *silent.*

Speak, sirrah ! tell me first thy name and race.

DIONYSUS.

No glory is therein, nor yet disgrace.
Thou hast heard of Tmolus, the bright hill of flowers ?

PENTHEUS.

Surely; the ridge that winds by Sardis' towers

DIONYSUS,

Thence am I; Lydia was my father land.